

McFADDEN'S ROW OF FLATS.

By the Author of "CHIMMIE FADDEN"
And the Illustrator of "HOGAN'S ALLEY."



ANY stories are told as to who made the suggestion for the football game. It went with such vim, with such "creme de l'ecelat," as Tim McFadden himself said, it is no wonder that all the Flatters claimed the honor of originating the idea. The truth is that the "function" was first proposed by the oldest of the Riccadonna girls. She had a purpose, and it was a very feminine one; she wanted a chance to outshine both Della Dunningan and Mary Ellen Murphy in some conspicuous manner. They were attracting much too much attention lately to please the oldest Riccadonna, and it was with the view of bringing out for inspection the famous ballet dresses belonging to the sisters that she proposed the game. You should have seen the girls on top of the coach!

HERE GOES ONE OF HER P'VIN WEDGES



As one person the Flatters took up the idea with enthusiasm. Tim himself offered to furnish the coach when Mrs. Murphy suggested it. "Sure," remarked that lady, "it would be undaciat for the Flatters t' ride t' the game in a street ca-ar. It would be terrible awful mistylish, Tim."

Kramer donated a barrel of arnica; Kelly some other liquids not for external use, and Tempy, the street sweeper, agreed to clear up the ground, which was in an unused boiler yard near Corlears Hook.

For several days before the game the Yellow Kid was often missing from the Row, and went about with the air of mystery of a Headquarters detective.

"What's eating you, Kid?" Marty asked him at last. "S-sh! I's getting de rules of de game. I has one rule all right, and I'se chasing for de odder. Here's de one."

With that the Kid produced a brogan having a sole two inches thick, through

which, from the toe point, the Kid had driven a railroad spike.

Marty yelled at seeing this, and asked the Kid what it was for.

"Dat," responded the Kid, concealing his treasure, "is a rule of de game. Wid two rules Spike Hennessy wouldn't be in it wid me. I could break into de Tombs wid 'em. Do you t'ink I can play football wid 'em? Well, say, honest, now—what?"

Marty told the Flatters of the Kid's horrible intention, and a council of war was held, which decided that the game would be called off unless the Kid solemnly promised to play barefooted. He promised, and there was a big turnout of the Flatters when the coach drove up for the ride to the boiler yard, which started after a few hitches. Mary Ellen objected to the Riccadonna girls (four) going in fairy costume. "Do youse want de Corlears Hookies t' give us de laugh?" Mary Ellen inquired, haughtily.

Fortunately, before this slight difference developed into a passage of arms, Mrs. Murphy created a diversion. From the top of the coach she lowered her growler to Kramer, calling out:

"It always do make me thirsty as an impty herrin' keg t' be going to a swell function. Hasten quickly, Kramer, dear, and fill the can while we wait!"

The game was between the Tim McFadden Flatters and an unclassed gang formerly belonging to the defunct Hogan's Alley.

No mere words can describe that game. Outcault was there with me, and his pencil caught the scene just at that exciting moment when the Kid finished a run of the whole length of the field in the last second of time, and made a touchdown, which won the game. The picture shows the glory of that moment; or, as Mrs. Murphy expressed it to Mrs. Dunningan, mother of the Twins:

"Hada't I the rheumatiz terrible awful had I'd play the game meself, me dear, for think of the power of thirst it must give you!"

There was glory and fun all through the game; largely so because Tim McFadden was, naturally, selected as both umpire and referee, and it happened that he never saw a game of football before in his life.

That resulted in making things lively and unexpected. Once, when Marty Dunningan saw a good chance to "take a fall out of the Kid," as he expressed it, he signalled to the other Twin, Della, to lend a hand. Della ran on to the gridiron, and when some one objected to her being there, Tim at once ruled that it was perfectly fair play.

"Dat it's agin de rules," shouted McSwatt, the poet. "I'll have no rules here," Tim responded firmly, "that interferes with the fun of any of the Flatters."

That was the way Della got into the game and brought about a most delightful state of affairs. The ball was away down at the other end of the lot, near the goal guarded by the McFaddens.

The score was a tie. The Riccadonna sisters on top of the coach were yelling to beat the neighboring boiler factory. Slippy Dempsey was falling off a roof with enthusiasm, and the parrot nearly split its beak giving the Flatters' yell. But none of this was winning the game.

Della saw the chance of her life; instead of helping Marty to down the Kid, she resolved to help the Kid win the game.

"If I do it," she mused, "I'll win de Kid for me own, and trow down Kittle Hogan wid her big hat and de Riccadonna galls all to onct."

Then she whispered to Marty, "I can't help you do de Kid. Play fair wid me, Marty, and I win de Kid for me steady, and dat leaves you no rival for de heart and hat of Kitty Hogan."

"Della," Marty replied, deeply moved, "your graft is great. Help us win de game and tings will come our way so fast dey will frizz your hair."

The chance came only a minute or two before the end of the game. Della secured a long hat pin and waited until she saw the ball in the Kid's arm, when he started on that famous run the length of the field. She was by his side when the first tackler bore down.

Suddenly there was a flash of Della Dunningan, a shriek of agony and the strongest man of the opposition stopped short with a hat pin buried full length in his leg.

Away flew the Kid, but others of the opposing team were close on to him. But Della set the dog on to the next tackler, and the second she called to the attention of the goat, with excellent result. This spirited and unexpected help gave the Kid such a start and his side such heart that the grand-stand finish was made, as has been stated, and with Marty's heel proudly pressed on the neck of a Hogan's Alleyite. Then great was the joy of the Flatters, excepting only the Riccadonna girls.

"Youse has took de starch out of dere fairly close," said the Kid to Della on the way home.

"Ah, Kid," sighed Della, "if youse will only be me steady, I'll care not even for the loss of me only hat pin, which de mug what I put it in his leg ran away wid."

E. W. TOWNSEND.



INAUGURATION OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON IN McFADDEN'S ROW.